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THE ROYAL SHEPHERD.

AN

ENGLISH OPERA;

As it is PERFORMED

At the THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By Richd Rolt.

The MUSIC compoſed by Mr. RUSH.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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The ARGUMENT.

AMONG the moſt celebrated Actions aſcribed to *Alexander* the Great, may be well ranked, that of his delivering the Kingdom of *Sidon* from the Tyrant *Strato*; and inſtead of taking the Dominion himſelf, reſtoring the Crown to the next lawful Heir; who ignorant of his Pretenſions to it, liv'd as a Shepherd in the Country near *Sidon*; of which a more particular Account may be found in *Quintus Curtius*. Book 4. Chap. 10.

The Superſtructure of the Fable, raiſed on this hiſtorical Foundation, will be ſeen in the Courſe of the Drama.

SCENE

The Country near where the *Macedonian* Army is encamped, and in Sight of the City of *Sidon*.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Alexander, King of *Macedon*.	Mr. *Champnes*.
Amintas, a Shepherd; who unknown to himſelf is Heir to the Crown of *Sidon*; in love with *Eliza*.	Mr. *Vernon*.
Agenor, a Nobleman of *Sidon*; Friend to *Alexander*; in Love with *Thamiris*.	Mrs. *Dorman*.
Eliza, a noble young Lady of an ancient Family of *Cadmus* in *Phœnicia*, loves *Amintas*.	Sig^ra. *Cremonini*.
Thamiris, a fugitive Princeſs, Daughter to the late Tyrant *Strato*, diſguiſed in the Dreſs of a Shepherdeſs; loves *Agenor*.	Miſs *Young*.
Camilla, a lively young Girl, Confident to *Eliza*.	Miſs *Wright*.

Sidonian Nobles, Shepherds, *&c.*

THE

THE

ROYAL SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An extenſive Plain. Shepherds feeding their Flocks. Amintas *is diſcovered near the Front of the Stage.*

AMINTAS.

NOT Nature's faireſt Face, nor Muſic's Art,
Can cheer my Soul, when bright *Eliza*'s abſent.
Theſe ſeveral Charms of Sound and beauteous Forms
All tend to nothing now, but to ſuggeſt
How much She's wanting to their due Effect.

AIR.

Well I know, thou friendly Stream,
What thy gentle Murmurs mean.
In their Accents ſoft they ſay,
Why, why Eliza *keep away?*

Well I know, &c.

Enter ELIZA *and* CAMILLA. AMINTAS, *ſeeing them, throws down the muſical Pipe, and goes to meet them.*

Am. Ah, fair *Eliza!* Is it you I ſee?
Fond Idol of my Soul, what brings you here?
El. To ſeek you, dear *Amintas*, came I hither.
Am. Heav'n guard your Steps! But ah! reflect, *Eliza*,
That *Alexander*'s Camp is near this Place;
And that the *Macedonian* Arms all round
Spread Death and Fear.
El. You wrong the Virtue of our Conqueror.
Great *Alexander*'s Army is our Guard;
Sidon he from a Tyrant came to free,
Nor means his Gift of Liberty to ſell
By ſeizing on the Throne----He has refus'd it.
Am. Who's then to be our King?
El. The lawful Heir
Somewhere, 'tis thought, in ſecret lives unknown,
E'en to himſelf at preſent.

Am. But

Am. But ſay where?

El. To *Alexander* leave that Care. To us
Matters of more Import, I came to tell you.
At length, propitious to our Loves, my Mother
Seconds my Wiſhes; and from my kind Sire,
Doubts not to gain Conſent.

Am. Ah me!

El. What means that Sigh?

Am. Alas, my cruel Fate!
You, fair *Eliza*, high Extraction boaſt,
While I, alas! a Shepherd, know not mine.
Can you for me reſign your noble State?
Or what have I to offer in Return,
Beſides a ſcanty Flock, and humble Cottage?

El. Of Heaven complain not: Has it not, to you,
Been laviſh of its choiceſt Gifts? What though
Purple or Gold it has deny'd, that Form
It gave you; gave thoſe pleaſing Looks; nay, more,
That worthy Heart, that Heart which conquer'd mine.

Am. O thou, my ſole, my true Delight! what Joy
Do Words like theſe infuſe?

El. Soon, ſoon, no more
Shall we thus ſeparate; but happy Days
Shall jointly bleſs us, ſtill together found.

AIR.

To the Wood, the Field, the Fountain,
To the Lawn, the Dale, or Mountain,
I my darling Flock will guide,
With Amintas *by my Side.*

Humble, though our Cottage be,
Ever dwelling there we'll ſee
Conſtancy, with Pleaſure join'd;
Innocence, with Peace of Mind. [Ex.

SCENE II.

AMINTAS *Solus.*

Forgive, ye Gods, my Murmurs, ſo unjuſt;
For ſurely, if on Earth there's Happineſs,
Amintas now is moſt completely bleſt.

Enter ALEXANDER, *with a ſmall Attendance, and* AGENOR.

Agen. [*ſoftly to* Alexander.]
That is, great Sir, the Shepherd whom we ſeek.
Am. [*not ſeeing them.*]
While thus entranc'd in Joy, I my poor Flock
Forget;-----but-----[*is going.*]
Al. Hither, Stranger.

Am. One

Am. One of the Camp.

Al. His Air, how noble! [*aside to* Agenor.

Gentle Youth, your Name?

Am. Amintas.

Al. And your Father's, what?

Am. Alceus.

El. Lives he?

Am. No; five Years are paſt,
Since he to Nature paid the gen'ral Debt,
Leaving a ſmall Inheritance of Land,
But juſt enough for Suſtenance; ſome Sheep;
A Cottage ſmall; and a contented Heart.

Al. But, 'midſt the Dangers of ſurrounding Squadrons,
What can defend you?

Am. E'en that Poverty,
Which you may ſcorn, I prize, and Heav'n protects.

Agen. Can you yet doubt? [*aſide to* Alexander.]

Al. His Sentiments ſurprize,
And charm me equally. To *Alexander*,
The Conqueror, I'll bring you.

Am. No.

Al. Why?

Am. Me, from my fleecy Care, it may detain:
I am not worth his Note: He founds great Empires,
I cultivate a Field.

Al. Yet

Al. Yet Heaven, perhaps,
May in a Moment change your Fate.
Am. It may.
At preſent, 'tis it's Will that I'm a Shepherd.

AIR.

A Shepherd though I am, what then,
That Shepherd's State ſo low,
I'd not exchange for Rule o'er Men;
Nor wiſh more great to grow.

But, if, againſt my own Deſire,
Heav'n ſhould exalt my State,
Heaven will exalted Thoughts inſpire,
And fit me to be great. [Ex.

SCENE III.

ALEXANDER, AGENOR.

Agen. Great Sir, what ſay you now?
Al. That *Sidon's* Heir
Undoubtedly lives, in that Youth, conceal'd;
His Speech, his Heart, his noble Air, reveal him;
And ſtrengthen all your Proofs. 'Tis then but juſt
To yield him up his Birthright and his Throne.

AIR.

AIR.

Thus a Cloud expanding wide,
From the Earth, the Sun may hide;
And with Lightning fraught, around
Menace the dry parched Ground.

'Till with watry Vapors fill'd,
Forc'd at length its Stores to yield,
It diſſipates in kindly Rain,
And fertilizes all the Plain. [Ex.

SCENE IV.

THAMIRIS, *in the Dreſs of a Shepherdeſs,*
AGENOR.

Tham. AGENOR!

Agen. What do I ſee?----O Heavens!
Thamiris! Princeſs! Can it then be you,
In this Dreſs?

Tham. 'Tis to this Dreſs my Liberty I owe:
That only Good, which now is left me, ſince
By *Alexander* I'm bereft of Crown
And Father.

Agen. How I've wept; and vainly ſought you!
But where, *Thamiris*, have you lain conceal'd?

Tham. The fair *Eliza*, yet, has given me Shelter:

And

And now I wait your Aid for my Eſcape
To Climes, where I at leaſt may mourn in Freedom.

Agen. Princeſs, by me, be better counſell'd. Come
With me to *Alexander*.

Tham. What! to him,
Who kill'd my Father?

Agen. Much you wrong him. *Strato*
Would not await the Conqueror's Clemency,
And fell by his own Sword, too much diſtruſting.

Tham. But would you, that to Chains I ſhould myſelf
Preſent my Hands, and to the *Grecian* Dames,
Become a Scoff?

Agen. Great *Alexander*'s Mind
You know not. I attend him now: but quick
To you I will return: and every thing
Make clear.

Tham. But, 'ere you go, ſay in your Heart
Have I the Place, that I once thought I had!

Agen. Injurious Princeſs!

AIR.

Why aſk me, faireſt, if I love?
Thoſe Eyes ſo piercing bright,
Can every Doubt of that remove;
Nor need you other Light.

Thoſe

Thoſe Eyes full well do know my Heart,
And all it's Workings ſee;
E'er ſince they play'd the Conqueror's Part,
And I no more was free.

SCENE V.

THAMIRIS *Sola.*

Ye Gods! you have not been to me ſo cruel,
As I too raſhly have accuſed you.
What if my Throne, into a lonely Cottage,
You've chang'd; and given me, for the royal Purple,
This ruſtic Garb; my Lover's Heart you've left me:
Merciful Pow'rs! What is it then I've loſt?

AIR.

The many dreadful Storms blown o'er,
Already I've forgot.
My Lover's Looks the Calm reſtore;
And Peace is now my Lot.

What if a while, my Stars ſevere
My Quiet did annoy:
My Heart, that ſhudder'd then with Fear,
Is fluttering now with Joy. [Ex.

SCENE VI.

ELIZA, CAMILLA.

El. Ah! ever memorable Day of Joy!
My Father gives Conſent to our Deſires.
Camilla, thou haſt ever lov'd me much,
And know'ſt full well with what a conſtant Paſſion
Amintas has purſu'd me from our Childhood.
Thou know'ſt, beſides, my Tenderneſs for him.
Doſt not thou, then, rejoice at our Succeſs!

Cam. Ah ſurely, Madam, I muſt now exult,
To ſee you happy, who have always been
So kind, ſo gentle, ſo indulgent to me.

AIR.

What more can a fair Maid delight,
Than, in others Example, to ſee,
To what Happineſs, ſhe has a Right,
If in Love ſhe ſucceſsful ſhould be.

Such a fluttering Hope fills my Breaſt,
That I pant, though I cannot tell why:
But I fear, I ſhall ne'er be at reſt,
'Till this much deſir'd State I ſhall try.

El. But where's *Amintas?* In this Place I left him.
He to his Flock is gone: There let us haſte.

[*As ſhe is going off quickly, ſhe meets* Amintas.

Am. Whi-

Am. Whither, *Eliza*, do you fly ſo faſt?
El. In queſt of my *Amintas* I was flying.
My Father waits impatient to embrace
A Son ſo worthy. Let us haſte away.

SCENE VII.

Enter AGENOR *followed in Proceſſion by royal Guards, and the Nobility of* Sidon, *bringing on Veſſels of Gold, the Inſignia of Royalty; the Mantle, Crown, Scepter,* &c. &c. *After them, a Train of Shepherds.*

Agen. From me, the faithfulleſt of Vaſſals,
This firſt of Homages, great King, receive.
Am. Why this to me?
Go ſeek ſome other Object of your Mirth.
If I'm no King, yet I'm freeborn; and though,
To Homage I've no Claim, I have, at leaſt
A Heart not apt to brook Affronts.
Agen. Great Sir,
This Spirit ſhows your Royalty of Soul;
Permit me then, to pay due Honours to you;
And let me, to yourſelf, yourſelf reveal.
You're not *Amintas*-----*Abdolonimus*,
Heir, and Succeſſor to the Crown of *Sidon*.
Am. How!
Agen. Yes; your Father, when by that Uſurper,
Strato, depoſed, conſign'd you to my Care,

An Infant; and *Alceus* brought you up
By my Direction----It was your Father's Order
That I, to you your Birth ſhould ne'er make known,
Unleſs the Gods, in their own gracious Time,
A Way ſhould open for you to the Throne:
That fair Occaſion, *Alexander*'s Goodneſs
Has offer'd to my Care.

El. Tranſcendent Joy!
Oh Heav'ns! Is *Amintas* then a King!

Am. A King!

Agen. A King. *Amintas*, *Alexander* waits
With his own Hand to crown you; and now ſends
By me, this Mark of Royalty. Theſe are
Your Guards, and Servants. Come without Delay.

AGENOR, *the Nobility of* Sidon *and the Guards, form again a Proceſſion; and go off in the ſame Order they enter'd——Shepherds, in the mean Time, keeping their Station; one of them advances, addreſſing himſelf to* Amintas.

1ſt *Shep.* Suffer, great Sir, the humbleſt of your Vaſſals
To pay their Homage, and declare their Joy,
That he, whom private they did moſt reſpect,
Is found to be their lawful Sovereign now;
That being found ſo happily, the Crown
Waits his Acceptance to compleat their Bliſs.

Oh!

Oh! may he long continue thus the Object,
As well of their great Love, as of their Duty;
While *Sidon*, profiting by his Example,
Shall see her Sons in virtuous Courses tread,
And become worthy of his royal Care.

2d *Shep.* These are, most gracious Sir, the Sentiments
Of all our Hearts; permit us jointly then
All to proclaim it with united Voice.

CHORUS.

Let us, in jocund Song resound
The good Amintas' *happy Fate;*
May such high Worth be ever crown'd,
And those, as virtuous, be as great.
Though Homage now his Right has prov'd;
Yet still to us, he's ever dear:
Him, whom a Shepherd much we lov'd,
Our Sovereign we must now revere.

SCENE VIII.

ELIZA *(joyfully)*; AMINTAS *(surpriz'd)*.

Am. Eliza!

El. Amintas!

Am. Do I dream?

El. 'Tis real.

Am. Can you then believe, that?------

El. Yes,
To me th' Event's not strange, tho' unforeseen;
Your Looks have always shewn a royal Heart.

An.

Am. Heaven's Will be done. But now, I'll to your Father.

Haſte----[*going.*]

El. [*ſtopping him.*]

No, a prior Care your Fortune now
Exacts. Your Kingdom and your Throne.

Am. What!

And can you force me from you?

El. My Heart,
O could you ſee how much it bounds for Joy,
And yet----But no, all your falſe Fears be huſh'd,
Nought but *Amintas*, King, employs my Thoughts;
Nay go, you may offend the Conqueror.

Am. Propitious Gods! your Goodneſs gratefully I own,
But can I ſacrifice my Love to Empire.

DUETTO.

El. *Go-----Reign---The Throne awaits my Love,*
But Oh, if that can be,
Preſerve your Heart for me.

Am *Though---I----Should reign, I'll faithful prove:*
Yes, on the Throne you'll find
Your Shepherd ever kind.

El. *Shepherd! my King you're now.*

Am. *How cruel is your Fear.*

Both. *Ye Pow'rs, whom we revere,*
To Love ſo pure, ſome Favour ſhew.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Alexander's *Pavilion*; *and a diſtant Proſpect of the* Macedonian *Camp, with Out-Poſts of Guards.*

ELIZA, *leading* THAMIRIS *by the Hand, who follows timorouſly,* CAMILLA.

ELIZA.

TAKE better Heart: Come on: Conſider well,
Your future Bliſs depends on this Attempt.
If to *Agenor* now you don't impart
Your ſettled Purpoſe, it may be too late.

Tham. Heavens! how I tremble, and in vain do ſtrive,
O'erwhelm'd with Fears:
The Danger at a Diſtance,
Love render'd ſlight; but, on the nearer View,
I all my Raſhneſs ſee, and dare not venture.

Cam. Oh Madam, be perſwaded to go on;
I wonder you ſhould Courage want ſo much,

When

When 'tis to meet a Man you love ſo dearly:
Though I am young, my little Heart declares
That all this Danger would not hinder me
From venturing forward, were I in your Place.

AIR.

How oft the fond Turtle I ſee,
When ſhe ſeeks her loſt Mate o'er the Plain,
Not the Hawk, nor the Kite, then dreads ſhe,
'Till ſhe finds her ſweet Partner again.

If her ſoft timid Heart can aſpire
Ev'ry Peril to brave for her Dear;
Sure, in mine, ſhould Love raiſe a like Fire,
It would ſoon be ſuperior to Fear.

Tham. Alas! of *Strato* am I not the Daughter?
And are not thoſe the hoſtile Tents
Of *Macedon?* If I'm diſcover'd, Death
I muſt expect-----Oh, let us fly!
El. Vain Terrors!
You then go back. *Amintas*, I am ſeeking;
And know not, therefore, what it is to fear.

AIR.

Go, tim'rous Fair; to Fate reſign
The Intereſts of thy Love:
While I purſue my bold Deſiegn;
And Pity ſtrive to move.

(going.

Tham.

Tham. O ſtay, *Eliza*, leave me not alone,
Inſpir'd by your great Courage, I will on.
El. Follow me then.
Tham. Alas, I cannot follow!
Why have I not more Courage, at this Time,
To proſecute a Purpoſe ſo important.

A I R.

Tell, O tell, my Lover true,
What I in vain ſhould ſtrive to ſay:
Well my Heart is known to you,
Its Sentiments do you convey.

What my Soul feels can I explain,
When all Expreſſion 'tis above?
But you know my Cauſe of Pain,
And know beſides what 'tis to love. [Ex.

SCENE II.

Eliz. This is the royal Tent of *Macedon:*
Here I ſhall find my Love, my dear *Amintas.*

Enter AGENOR.

Agen. Whither, fair Nymph?
El. 'Tis to the King I'm going. [*going.*
Agen. [*ſtopping her.*] You cannot ſee him now.
El. Is he not there, in *Alexander*'s Tent?

Agen. You to that Tent can no Admiſſion gain.

El. I go: But from *Amintas* don't conceal
My fond Impatience; and inform him too,
That I believe the fame of him.

Agen. I will.

El. But does *Amintas* talk of me?

Agen. He does.
Inceſſantly.

El. (*comes back again.*) What does he ſay?

Agen. I ſhould conſume an Age,
In the repeating all his Tenderneſs:
But prithee hence.

El. I go. Be not impatient.

AIR.

Barbarian, can you ſee my Pain,
Thus parted from my Love:
And grant me not ſome Light to gain,
That may my Doubts remove.
Can you then ſee me ſo diſtreſs'd,
And yet no Pity ſhow,
What Heart muſt dwell in ſuch a Breaſt,
Unmov'd at ſo much Woe?

SCENE III.

AGENOR *Solus.*

Ye Gods, in the great Heart of *Alexander*,

Second

Second my Interceſſion for *Thamiris*;
Do not her Charms and Worth deſerve his Favour?

Enter AMINTAS.

But whither goes my King in haſte ſo preſſing?

Am. I thought that at a Diſtance I had ſeen
Eliza: Why appears ſhe not?

Agen. She's gone.

Am. Gone! and not ſtay to ſee me! oh unkind!
I'll overtake her. [*is going.*

Agen. Hold! [*ſtops him.*

Am. Why?

Agen. Sir, you muſt not.

Am. Muſt not! how's that? Can aught reſtrain a King?

Agen. Yes, his own Greatneſs, Juſtice, Decency,
The public Good, his Reaſon, and his Duty.

AIR.

All other Paſſions now muſt yield;
Glory its Place regain:
The Lover now ſhould quit the Field,
The King alone remain.
You'll ne'er above the Shepherd riſe,
If you the Art to reign,
By reading in a Fair One's Eyes,
Think only to attain.

But I forget, *Amintas* is my King:
I'm but his Vaſſal, and through Over-Zeal
Have err'd. Forgive me, Sir.

Am. Thus, if you love me
Speak ever. Truth has Charms for me ſo great,
That I'm enamour'd ev'n with her Frown.

Enter ALEXANDER.

Alex. Agenor!
Why remains the King of *Sidon*
Still in his Shepherd's Garb?

Am. Becauſe, great Sir,
I wav'd the Garb of Royalty until
I kiſs'd the Hand which rais'd me to the Throne:
Then at your Feet----- [*offers to kneel,*

Al. [*hinders him.*] No, take a Friend's Embrace.
'Tis I'm your Debtor: Since, to you, I owe
The Pleaſure to perform an Act of Juſtice.

Am. Ye Gods! how ſhall a Shepherd fill a Throne?

Al. By guiding, with a Shepherd's Care, your People.

Am. Heav'n grant, that, on the Throne, I may ſome Honour
Reflect both on the Giver, and the Gift.

AIR.

Ye Gods! to me, a lowly Plant,
Oh, give Improvement Scope;

That

That fully I may answer, grant,
My Cultivator's Hope.
Nor may I now, set in rich Land,
Forget my native Wood:
Much less the kind, parental, Hand,
Whence flow'd my present Good. [Ex.

SCENE V.

ALEXANDER, AGENOR.

Agen. For fair *Thamiris* now's my Time to speak.
Al. Long Intervals of Rest, the Spur of Glory
Will not admit; to-morrow then, *Agenor*,
After I've crown'd the King, *Sidon* I mean
To leave: And yet I go unsatisfy'd;
One Point is wanting to the Good I wish'd.
That young *Thamiris*, like her Father, should
Distrust my Clemency; and, by her Flight,
Proclaim her Terrors; greatly now disturb me.
Agen. Great Sir, you yet may exercise your Goodness
On that deserving Object; fair *Thamiris*
Has only lain conceal'd, and is at Hand.
Al. Haste, bring her to my Presence: Lose no Time.
Agen. I go. [going.
Al. But hold! A Thought this Moment strikes me.

It ſhall be ſo. 'Twill be a fit Alliance.
Quick to *Thamiris*: Tell her, that this Day
I mean to place the Crown upon her Head,
And give her Hand to the new King.

Agen. Her Hand?

Al. Yes, and thus, *Amintas*
Will mount the Throne: And yet *Thamiris* not
Deſcend from it. I'll have it ſo.

Agen. Heaven's What a Stroke of angry Fortune's this!

Al. You turn all pale, and make no Anſwer; what,
Can you then diſapprove? *Thamiris* is----

Agen. Moſt worthy of a Throne----

Al. And ſuch a Thought----

Agen. Of you, moſt worthy.

AIR.

Alex. *If Happineſs through me they gain,*
I have not conquer'd then in Vain,
'Tis o'er the Hearts I wiſh to reign.
The greateſt Glory, I've in View
From Victory is good to do. [Ex.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter AMINTAS.

Amin. Where is *Eliza?* Would that I could ſee her.

Agen. Far other Cares muſt now employ your Mind.

'Tis Time, now you're a King, to think like one.

Am. What can you mean

Agen. You muſt forget *Eliza.*

Am. Periſh ten thouſand Thrones, e're I prove falſe!

Agen. He, whom high Heaven has choſen for a Throne,

It----Hah! *Eliza* comes: Let us away.

Am. Don't think it.

Agen. Then in Pity to yourſelf,

Remain not here, you'll ſurely cauſe her Death,

If you ſhould now accoſt her, e're you know

What 'Ive to ſay.

Am. Her Death? You chill my Blood----

Agen. Let us then haſte away: For once; my Lord,

Bear with the ſeeming Boldneſs of my Zeal.

AGENOR

AGENOR *takes* AMINTAS *by the Hand, and is hurrying him away, on one Side, while* Eliza *is entering on the other; but is himſelf ſtop'd by* Thamiris, *who meets him: Upon which they all form the following Scene.*

AMINTAS, AGENOR, ELIZA, THAMIRIS.

Tham. AGENOR, whither fly you?
Agen. Oh ye Fates!
El. AMINTAS, hear me.
Agen. Princeſs! [to *Tham.*
Am. My Life! [to *El.*
Tham. Can it be right, you thus ſhould make me wait? [to *Agen.*
El. How could you let me pine ſo long to ſee you? [to *Am.*
Tham. But have you thought of me? [to *Agen,*
El. Have I been in your Mind? [to *Am.*
Tham. May I, at length, know what's to be my doom? [to *Agen.*
El. Still in my King, do I my Shepherd find? [to *Am.*
Tham. You ſigh. [to *Agen.*
El. You nothing ſay. [to *Am.*
Tham. But ſpeak. [to *Agen.*

Agen. I

Agen. I would, but cannot.

El. Speak then, I beſeech you. [to *Amintas.*

Am. I would, but dare not.

Tham. How!

El. What can this import?

Tham. and *El.* At leaſt explain.

Agen. Too much we have to tell.

Leave us alone together: For a Moment,

Ah, let us breathe in Peace.

Tham. D' y'e hear, *Eliza?*

El. Patience, good Heaven! They from their Preſence drive us.

What do you ſay, *Amintas?*

Am. I feel the Pangs of Death.

Tham. I underſtand, *Agenor.*

'Tis my Misfortunes, that have damp'd your Love.

El. I ſee I'm ſlighted. Yes; thoſe alter'd Looks [to *Amintas.*

Tell me, your Crown has robb'd me of your Heart.

Tham. What! AGENOR falſe!

El. AMINTAS too ungrateful!

QUARTETTO.

El. *to* Am. *You mine, alas, no longer are.*
Tham. *to* Agen. *Ah me! your Love muſt end!*
Am *to* El. *Oh Heav'ns! ſuch killing Sounds forbear.*
Agen. *to* Tham. *Your Words my Soul do rend.*
El. *Have I then loſt my faithful Swain?*
Tham. *My true love fled, is he?*
Am. *and* Agen. *My Heart is burſting with the Pain.*
All---- *What will become of me?*

AMINTAS *and* AGEN *go out one Way,* ELIZA *and* THAM. *another.*

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Inside of a large Grotto in a Rock.

Enter AGENOR,——AMINTAS.

AGENOR.

DO I, my King, irresolute still find you?

Am. No,

Agen. You have determin'd.

Am. Yes, I have.

Agen. And how?

Am. I'm ready to fulfill my Duty.

Agen. Eliza and the Throne can't be united.

Am. True. Nor ought he, to whom great *Alexander*
Offers a Crown, to thwart his Purposes.

Agen. Happy *Amintas!* What a Store of Blifs
Has Heaven now decreed you in your Partner
She's worthy the Affections of a King.

Am. I know her Worth, *Agenor*, and already
I love her to that Pitch, I ſhould not think
A Throne without her worthy my Acceptance.

AIR.

Huſband indeed, and Lover too,
From Faith I ne'er will ſwerve,
But conſtantly with Ardor true,
My Heart for her preſerve.

And juſtly too, for while ſhe's kind,
My Soul, that's all her own,
No ſovereign Joy, no Bliſs can find,
Except in her alone. [Ex.

SCENE II.

AGENOR *Solus.*

At length, I to my Sighs may give a Vent,
And eaſe my burſting Heart. Virtue herſelf
Forbids not this Relief. My Faith, my Honour,
I've amply ſatisfied: And now, to Love
I ſurely may ſome Moments grant. Oh Heav'n!
Deareſt *Thamiris!* Muſt I loſe you thus?

SCENE

SCENE III.

ELIZA, AGENOR.

El. Hear me, *Agenor*; I'm alarm'd, diſtracted!
What can theſe idle Tales, theſe Rumours mean?
That, on this Day, the Nuptials of *Amintas*
Are with *Thamiris* fix'd? I'll ne'er believe it.
Agen. Yourſelf are in an Error, fair *Eliza*;
It is no Fiction.
El. Can you then believe it!
Can you too join in wronging my *Amintas?*
Agen. There is no Room to doubt it.
El. How, *Amintas*
Deſert me! No. It is impoſſible.
You muſt have been deceiv'd: Whence know you this?
Agen. Ev'n from himſelf.
El. What did he ſay?
Agen. That *Alexander*'s Will,
Who gave a Kingdom, ought not to be thwarted.
El. Defend me, Heav'n! What, will *Amintas* give
His Hand then to *Thamiris?*
Agen. Hand and Heart.
El. *Amintas* thus betray me!
Agen. Your Grief, fair Nymph,
Is juſt, but unavailing. Comfort take.

El. I comfort take! Ah, no!
To *Alexander*, to Mankind, to Heav'n,
I will for Favour, Pity, Juſtice, cry.

A I R.

I from my Shepherd ever part!
Oh, no, forbid it Love.
He cannot have ſo hard a Heart;
My Death 'twould ſurely prove.

While then another gets my Swain,
You bid me Comfort take:
And with falſe Pity of my Pain,
A cruel Sport you make.

Cam. Ah, Madam! how I pity your hard Fate!
Sure nothing can be more unfortunate
Then at the very Time you ſeem'd ſecure,
To find ſo many Difficulties and Delays.
I think, if it had been my own ſad Caſe,
I ne'er ſhould have been able to have borne it.

A I R.

Can any Thing give ſo much Pain,
As a terrible Bar juſt to meet,
At a Time when a Nymph and her Swain
Imagin'd their Joys all complete?

If it ſometime ſhould happen to me
To partake of ſo cruel a Fate,
I ne'er could endure it I ſee,
But ſhould kill myſelf rather than wait.

SCENE IV.

THAMIRIS, AGENOR.

Tham. AGENOR!
Agen. Aſſiſt me, Heav'ns!
Tham. To you, (*ironically.*
To you, it ſeems, *Agenor*, is *Thamiris*
Indebted for a Kingdom.
Agen. 'Tis to you,
The Kingdom ſtands indebted for Acceptance.
Tham. Why the great News not bring to me yourſelf. (*ironically.*
Agen. That Effort was greater
Than I had Strength for.
Tham. Was that Effort, then, (*angrily.*
Leſs when you to *Amintas* gave me up?
Agen. No, doubtleſs: But the Sight of that fair Face
Might have ſeduc'd my Duty. Queen, farewell!
Tham. Hear me.
Agen. I muſt not.

DUETTO.

DUETTO.

Agen. *Adieu, my Queen! remember me*
When in your happy Days.
Tham. *What of this Haſte the Cauſe may be,*
Does much my Wonder raiſe.
Agen. *The Cauſe too well you know;*
Tham. Agenor, *ſay not ſo.*
Together. { Tham. *To ſtay would be my Death.*
Agen. *Why ſhould it be your Death?*

Agen. Adieu again, my Queen!
Tham. Where in ſuch Haſte?
Agen. Where I may, far from your Sight remov'd,
With greater Eaſe, remember you're my Sovereign.
Tham. [*angrily*]
So much Reſpect, as yet, you owe me not:
'Twill be more juſt, when, to your King, my Hand
You will have ſeen me give.
Agen. See it I ſhall not.
Tham. How! Not ſee it! Know, that, at my Nuptials,
I'll have you preſent.
Agen. No, you muſt excuſe me:
This is my laſt Farewell.

AIR.

AIR.

O ceaſe, thou faireſt of thy Sex,
With double Sway to urge thy Will;
Nor uſe thy Power my Heart to vex,
But let ſoft Pity move thee ſtill.

In Abſence, Miſery complete
Too ſurely ſhall I ever find,
Why then, by ſtaying, would'ſt thou yet
Add greater Tortures to my Mind. [going.

Tham. Where are you going?

Agen. No Matter where, or what becomes of me.

Tham. [*ſternly.*] And is it thus, that you obey your Queen?

Agen. Sure without me------

Tham. No, without you my Fortune
Would charm me leſs.

Agen. And what would you then have----

Tham. That, to my Happineſs, my Benefactor
Should be a Witneſs; and reflect with Pleaſure
'Tis his own Work.

Agen. What Tyranny is this!
For Pity's Sake, *Thamiris*, don't on this inſiſt.

Tham. I muſt: To no Intreaties will I liſten,
Nor take Excuſe. It is Obedience
That from a faithful Subject I expect.
Agen. Heav'ns!
Tham. Do you mind me, Sir?---You know my Will.
Agen. I muſt obey. Cruel. cruel Fair!

AIR.

Tham. *If you yourſelf give me away;*
And in another's Arms enthrall me;
In what am I to blame, I pray,
Why do you cruel call me?

My Patience your Example be;
Who, left, don't yet complain,
Nor offer to inſult, you ſee,
And call you faithleſs Swain. [Ex.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Palace of Alexander.

Amidſt the loud Harmony of a martial Air, ALEXANDER *enters, preceded by the* Macedonian *Commanders, and the Nobility of* Sidon.

After all have entered, and arranged themſelves properly, one of the Sidonian *Noblemen ſteps forward, addreſſing himſelf both to the* Macedonian *Commanders and* Sidonian *Nobles.*

1ſt *Noble.* With grateful Hearts, *Sidonia*'s Sons muſt view
This glorious Inſtance of tranſcendent Goodneſs;
While every ſympathiſing Stranger feels
A glowing Senſe of joyful Approbation.
Let then the Voice of Thankfulneſs and Praiſe
Jointly proclaim great *Alexander*'s Bounty.

CHORUS.

Long live, Great Hero, to expand,
O'er vanquiſh'd Worlds, thy dread Command:
While Tyrants conquer to deſtroy,
'Tis thou diffuſeſt Peace and Joy,

Sidon *this Day extols thy Name,*
Inlarg'd her Bliſs, as is thy Fame:
Her lateſt Annals ſhall diſplay
Thy Virtues, equal to thy Sway.

Al. With conſcious Pleaſure I receive the Honour,
Which your Applauſes give for my well-doing;
May ſimilar Occaſions frequent prove,
And may I e'er be ready to adopt them!

AIR.

Propitious Heav'ns! who're pleas'd each Day,
Freſh Laurels to impart.
Second, moreo'er, I ardent pray,
Th' Impulſes of my Heart.

If I, a Star of Glory, blaze,
Rais'd by your Pow'r divine,
Oh grant, that, of ſuch Star, the Rays
For gen'ral Good may ſhine.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter AGENOR *and* THAMIRIS.

Al. But whence comes this Delay? The Sun apace
Declines. Why does not the new King appear?
Where is *Thamiris?*

Tham. At your royal Feet.

Al. Are you the Princeſs? *(raiſing her.*

Tham. I am.

Agen. This is, Great Sir,
The Princeſs.

Tham. A Debtor to your Goodneſs. [to *Alexander.*
Heroes indeed forgive their Enemies,
But then 'tis only for an *Alexander,*
To raiſe them to the Throne.

Al. The Deed itſelf
Is its Reward to me.

Tham. Agenor, Sir,
Has to his Love prefer'd my Greatneſs. Now,
Whether a Heart ſo faithful, 'twould be right
And juſt in me to ſacrifice to Greatneſs,
Let *Alexander* judge.

Al. You lov'd her then? And yet---- [to *Agenor.*

Agen. Hear her; then think, if juſtly I the Throne
Could of a Soul ſo great deprive.

Al. And you, [to *Thamiris.*
So grateful could you be?

Tham.

Tham. Hear him; and ſay
Could ſo much Virtue not deſerve reward;
Al. Ye Gods; what Virtue; and what Faith!

SCENE VII.

Enter ELIZA, [*and throws herſelf at* ALEXANDER'S *Feet.*] CAMILLA.

El. Juſtice, Sir, Juſtice! Pity! and Protection!
Al. [*Raiſing her*]
Riſe, fair one. What is your Requeſt?
El. I am
Eliza, come to implore, from *Alexander*,
Redreſs of a moſt cruel Injury;
A Heart oppreſs'd.
Al. But againſt whom, complain you?
El. 'Gainſt *Alexander*'s 'ſelf.
Al. 'Gainſt *Alexander*'s ſelf!
In what, can he have wrong'd you?
El. Of my quiet,
My ev'ry Good; I live but in *Amintas*:
And 'tis *Amintas*, that he forces from me.
Al. Amintas!
El. Yes; from Infancy, our Hearts
Have been united. Yes; his Heart is mine,
By long Poſſeſſion, and by plighted Faith.
Camilla here can prove this to be true,
Cam. Oh yes, I every Word you ſay declare
To be as certain as that I'm alive.

Have

Have I not heard his Sighs, his Prayr's, his Vows?
If any Thing can bind him, he is yours:
I would not quit a Claim with half the Right.

AIR.

Vows of Love ſhou'd ever bind
Men who are to Honour true:
They muſt have a ſavage Mind,
Who refuſe the Fair their due.
Scorn'd and hated may they be
Who from Conſtancy do ſwerve!
So may every Nymph agree
All ſuch faithleſs Swains to ſerve.

Al. It was the Swain *Amintas* gave his Heart,
But *Abdolonimus*, the King, ne'er gave it.

SCENE the laſt.

Juſt as ALEXANDER *has ſpoken theſe laſt Words, enters* AMINTAS *overhearing them. He is dreſs'd in his Shepherd's Habit; and followed by Shepherds, who bring in the Crown, Scepter,* &c.

Am. Sir, I'm *Amintas*; and a Swain ſtill.
Al. How!
Am. Theſe Marks of Royalty; ſee at your Feet.
Still in my Shepherd's Garb, I joyfully
To my poor Flock, and my loſt Peace return.

Al. Is

Alex. Is not *Thamiris* then---

Am. Thamiris, Sir,

Of a King's Heart is worthy. But *Eliza*
Does not deserve, that I, to her, my Faith
Should break. She chose me when I was a
Shepherd;
A King, I ought not to abandon her.
I'd rather be a faithful Shepherd
Than a perfidious King.

Al. Ye Powers supream! while what I am'd at, was
The making them all happy; to my Shame,
I wretched make them all: It shall not be.
Such gen'rous Lovers, *Alexander* never
Will separate: Here, *Amintas*, do you take
The fair *Eliza*. And do you, *Thamiris*,
Reward *Agenor*'s Constancy and Faith.

(To AMINTAS and ELIZA.

In *Sidon*, your own Country, you shall reign:

(To AGENOR and THAMIRIS)

And as for you, Subjects you shall not be,
I pledge to you my Honour, and my Greatness,
That you shall have a Kingdom. Yes; ev'n tho',
To Virtue great as yours, a Throne's superfluous.

Agen. and *Tham.* O truly Great!

Am. and *El.* O Nobly just!

AIR.

AIR.

El. *Tranſporting Joy! elate's my Mind!*
Who can their Bliſs compare
With what this Hero has aſſign'd
To be our copious Share?
Ye Pow'rs Divine, Oh, lend me Aid,
My grateful Heart to ſhow;
If Gifts ſo great can be repaid!
I pray to teach me kindly how!

Alex. But now,
At length, let *Sidon*, ſee her Sov'reign crown'd.
Am. What in this Garb?
Al. Yes, in this Garb! 'Tis likely,
Not, by meer Chance, has Heav'n ſo ordain'd it,
That you ſhould wear, juſt at this Point of Time,
What, myſtically, may perhaps portend
The happy Tenor of your future Reign,
A ROYAL SHEPHERD is a Nation's Bleſſing,

CHORUS.

Though from a Cottage, now, a Throne,
Amintas *mounts by Heav'n's high Will,*
Unalter'd, may he yet be known,
And be the ROYAL SHEPHERD *ſtill.*

THE END.

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